the jest may remaine after the wearing sole singular.

Rom. O single sol'd jest, solely singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my wits faint.

Rom. Swits and spurs, swits and spurs, or Ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done: for thou hast more of the wilde goose in one of thy wits, than I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that jest.

Rom. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell-broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proves thee farre and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*, now art thou what thou art by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling up and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceived, I would have made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geare. *Enter Nurse and her man.*

A saile, a saile.

Mer. Two, two; a shirt and a smocke.

Nurse. *Peter.*

Peter. Anon.

Nurs. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer.

Mer. God ye goodden faire Gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it goodden?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall is now upon the pricke of noone.

Nurse. Out upon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One Gentlewoman that God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nurse. By my troth it is well said, for himselfe to marre quoth a! Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may finde the young *Romeo?*

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than hee was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well tooke ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If thou be he sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to some supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare sir, unlesse a hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? wee'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell ancient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you sir what saucie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie.

Ro. A Gentleman Nurse that loves to heare himselfe talk, and will speake more in a minute than he will stand to in a moneth.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, I'le take him down, and a were lustier than hee is, and twenty such Jackes: and if I cannot, I'le finde those that shall: scurvie Knave, I am none of her Gil-flurts, I am none of his skaines mates: and thou must

 stand

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.58) Octavo